

The Avalanche

O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor.
GRAYLING, MICHIGAN.

CONTENTMENT.

BY SAM HOBSON.

"Unhappy lies the head that wears a crown."
Though you are I, my friend, will scarce be
That he who claims the throne and renown
Can have just cause to grumble or to grove.
However this may be, the story goes
That, in the olden time, a monarch grand,
Oppressed with real or imagined woes,
Bought out the oldest savior in the land.

"Then man of science," said the unhappy King,
"Who conquers gold from scorched hills of earth,
Or tells each one what future years will bring
By magic's aspect, at his date of birth."

"With all my fame, my power and wealth, I find
That something lacks, so, if you can but bid,
Where I may buy contentment, peace or mind,
A precious portion shall be mine this day."

"Sire," said the sage, "the boon your Highness craves
Is altogether foreign to my lore—
Not one which may be dug from dead men's graves,
Nor wrung by struggle from Mother Nature's store."

"Nine leagues away, however, dwells a Nymph
An humble cobbler, but an honest man;
And when the mellow shades of evening fall
He stood before the cobbler's door unknown."

Responsive to a knock, the poor man came,
And, brief of speech, the bantering monarch said:
"A magic shirt, they tell me, thou dost claim—
My shirt and twenty pounds for thine. Is it a trade?"

His coarse vestment here he drew aside,
A matchless front of linen to display,
Which, gem-bedecked and with broidery piled,
But hid the humble craftsman with dismay.

The wondering cobbler stared, then, blushing,
said:
"Indeed, most gladly would I do it, were't
But possible, kind sir, we cannot trade—
Because, to tell the truth, I have no shirt."

—*Thomas Siffring.*

DID HE PROPOSE?

"I couldn't do it," said Martin Ellerslie, with a shudder. It was just the seductive hour before the gas-jets are lighted and window-blinds turned down—the delicious twilight, when gas fires shine like burning masses of ruby, and people sitting beside them grow strewly confidential. It was snowing a little outside; all the better; for the click of the crystallized pearl against the glass filled up the silence, and made the cozy warmth of the room luxuriously delightful. And Martin Ellerslie's pleasant brown eyes, fixed full on the fire, saw no one can tell what or how much they saw!

"Suppose she should say no," he burst out, seemingly apropos to nothing at all.
"Suppose she shouldn't," observed Guy Barnes, dryly.

"I tell you, old fellow, it's just exactly like having a tooth pulled out. Your friends stand by and say: 'Be a man; it's nothing.' It's not they who are under the doctor's forceps."

"Complimentary to Miss Glen?"
"Nonsense. You know what I mean. But, really and truly, I've tried and I can't do it."

"Very well," said Barnes indifferently, "then it is an understood thing that you are to live and die an old bachelor?"
"I didn't say that."

"Oh, I beg pardon. You expect Fanny is going to propose to you; that's it?"
"You are a heartless miscreant," Ellerslie cried out, half laughing, half impatient, as he sprang to his feet, and tossed the remains of his cigar into the fire, "and I shall not waste any more time upon you—unless indeed you go round to the fair with me."

"Where Fanny Glen has a stand? Not if I know it! The money market is rather tight for me at present, and these fancy fairs are no more than a den of robbers where a defenseless young man is concerned."

And Martin Ellerslie went on his way alone.
The hall was all a glitter of gas-lights and fragrant with flowers when he got there. The pretty feminine sparks lurked each behind her table, well laden, were all smiles and dimples, while the throng of victims ebbed and flowed around them.

Mr. Ellerslie found himself greeted with exclamations.
"You will take a share, Mr. Ellerslie?"
"Do please put your name down here, Mr. Ellerslie; there are only ten blanks left."

"Oh, Mr. Ellerslie, you are the very one we are waiting for. I have kept seven for you—seven always was a lucky number."

"Mr. Ellerslie! don't pray, spend all your money till you have taken a share in this mammoth doll, with a trunk full of clothes."

And thus our hero was flung lither and yon on the waves of the fair, drawing nearer, however, with every subscription to the table over which shone the blue stars of Fanny Glen's eyes.
But when he got there he was smitten with sudden silence.

Then he went away and didn't see Fanny Glen again the whole evening—probably because she was the only person in the whole room who cared a fig about seeing at all. But so unkind is fate to lovers.

Just as he was edging his way out of the place, in a very desperate and dejected frame of mind, there was a rush and a flutter, and he heard his own name called in all the notes of the human gamut.

"What is it?" he asked, vaguely staring around him.
"You've drawn the big doll!" cried little Sibyl Percy, dancing up to him and laying in his arms the huge waxen abomination, with the flossy yellow curls and imposing pink and white complexion; while somebody else brought the big and little handbox.

"It's just like traveling with a wife," said Sibyl, mischievously.
"But what the—ahem, what am I to do with it?" asked our bewildered hero.

"Give it to somebody," said Sibyl, inwardly hoping he would act promptly on the suggestion and bestow the prize upon her. "Any one would be delighted to see such a present."

"Do you think they would?" asked Mr. Ellerslie, vacantly, and he went away.
"Great stupid fellow!" cried Sibyl, spitefully, and she tripped back to the table.

"I never saw such a goose," said Laura Barrington, who had three sisters of her own at home.
"But what am I to do with it?" said Martin to himself, as he traversed the virtuous gloom of the midnight streets.

"Oh, I have it! I'll give it to Fanny Glen, and she can make a Christmas present of it to her little black-eyed cousin."

He laid the doll, rejoicing, on the sofa, and went to bed, sinking into dreamland just about the time that Fanny Glen was taking the hair-pins out of her magnificent golden hair before the dressing bureau in her own apartment.

"Why, Fanny, what ails you?" cried Dora, her elder sister. "You are crying."
"I am so tired," guiltily confessed poor Fanny.

And she wept herself to sleep, thinking how foolish she had been, and that of course Martin Ellerslie didn't care a straw about her. Why should he?

Mr. Ellerslie rose the next morning full of his momentous resolve, and made such a toilet that the landlady's little boy, seeing him go out with a big doll, neatly incased in her pasteboard box, under his arm, ejected, profanely—

"Oh, my eye, what a swell!"
The black-eyed little cousin admitted him. Yes, Cousin Fanny was at home—would he walk into the parlor?

And our hero, before he had fairly made up his mind in what terms to bestow his gift, found himself bowing and smiling to a fair-haired vision in a sunny little room surrounded by heaps of cut flowers.

"How do you do, Mr. Ellerslie?" said Fanny, coloring and smiling. "I am making bouquets; you see, for to-night."

"Exactly so," said Martin, and then he reflected how much more appropriate a remark he might have made, and turned very red.

"Pray sit down," said Fanny.
"I—the feet is, Miss Glen," said Mr. Ellerslie, plunging in sheer desperation into the midst of his subject; "I have called—I hope you won't be vexed—you have only to say if you don't like it."

Fanny dropped her sprig of heliotrope and looked up in surprise.
"I know it isn't of much consequence," went on Martin, turning the pasteboard box round and round in confusion, "but I won't accept—I've known and esteemed you so long, and—"

The damask-roses deepened on Fanny's fair face. It had come at last, then, the proposal she had anticipated so long and anxiously.
"Not of much consequence! Oh, Mr. Ellerslie," she repeated, reproachfully.

"Would you care for it?" he demanded, quite oblivious, in the embarrassment of the moment, that he hadn't even named the gift.

"Care for it?" the tears sparkled in Fanny's eyes. "When you know I love you, Martin."

And she ran into the arms of our astonished hero.

"I wish I could remember just what I said, though," observed Martin.
And even after he was duly married he never could quite recall whether he proposed or not. But as long as dear Fanny was all his own what did it signify?

THE TOBACCO SCARE.

The doctors say that among the effects of tobacco is the loss of appetite. The experience of most men does not corroborate this theory at all. It is the boarder who extricates the grit from his mouth, and throws it under the table before he begins to eat, who causes the most widespread havoc among the hash and other tempting viands. It is the tobacco-chewing boarder who causes the keeper to go out into the street and take in his sign.

The doctors also aver that the man who smokes loses his memory. We can enumerate a dozen men who never touched tobacco, and who have entirely forgotten to return small sums we have loaned them.

It may be that the additional statement that tobacco weakens the vision and produces irritability of temper is true. We remember slapping Gen. McBlunder on the shoulder and asking him if he was shot in that region during the war. He displayed great irritability and it may have been tobacco that caused it, as he uses it freely, but we were told afterward that it was not his pride we touched so much as it was a large ball on his neck.

Neither are we prepared to dispute the assertion that tobacco shortens the vision, and causes bad eyesight. We have noticed that if you ask a man frequently for cigars he will gradually become so short-sighted that he will not be able to recognize you when you meet. Possibly the cigars that he carries in his vest pocket may have something to do with it.

If any of our readers believe that cigars are ruining their healths, we are willing to make the sacrifice that was made by the young lady at the champagne meeting when she told her experience. She said that as she saw that her jewels were dragging her down to hell she took them off and gave them to her younger sister.

If any of our readers think their cigars are dragging them down, they can send them to us by express, charges prepaid. We are willing to take the risk. —*Thomas Siffring.*

THE HOG A JOY FOREVER.

After the trash had been disposed of, two roast pigs, each with an apple in his mouth, were brought in and set in front of the host and hostess. I had not seen such a thing in years, but it was a savory reminder of many a lavish board under which my youthful legs had twined about each other in ecstasy.

There's a good deal of sentiment in the memories that hang about the hog. Where is there a festival that compares in solid enjoyment with "hog-killing time" on an old plantation? How many a time have I sat on the warm side of a big fire in the cold of a December dawn and licked my half-frozen chops as I watched the sleek carcasses being drawn and quartered or hung over the huge scalding pot, like a young Macbeth over the witches' cauldron!

The late Senator Hill loved nothing so well as a plate of chitterlings. I have seen Gov. Hargrave V. Johnson eat a pig's ear with infinite relish.

What were Gov. Brown's collars? I refuse to spell it colorless to that great and good man if by unduly his historic love for the fine esculent there was not an unconfessed love for hog's jowl? I once saw Gen. Gordon rushing through Wall street, when we both had more stocks than was healthy, with a bucket of hog's brains that he had bought from a down-town butcher for his table at the St. James. Gov. Stephens dotes on broiled ham, and the nearest to death Gen. Tombs ever came was from indigestion caused by overeating of head-cheese; so that a little more hog's head might have prevented secession. More than one historic holds that Lee's army was never whipped until the bacon had given out and it had to fall back on beef. Mayor English frequently greases his distinguished chin with fatty bread, and it was at a Governor's table that I saw the suckling pigs that evoked this train of memories. —*H. W. Grady, in the Atlanta Constitution.*

Before the fire-engine had reached the scene the flames were wildly tossing their devouring tongues far out and above the crown of the groaning building. It was too late. His satanic majesty had whipped his impetuous team into a pace at once too furious and too daring to be met and be bridled, the fiery glare of the flames lighting up the grounds for hundreds of yards around, and, while the great crowd stood in wondering awe, as the seething furnace of fire and flame lashed and dashed about in its roaring fury, the sudden crash of the dismembered roof, as it went splitting and hurving its way to the ground, told in unmistakable terms that the work of destruction was complete. In a few brief moments more nothing was left to mark the site of T. W. Turner's store. Loss, \$1,500. —*Dawson (Ga.) Journal.*

THE HOG MAN.

Here is a picture of a big man. He weighs 268, light-weight. He fills two-thirds of the car seat when he drops down beside you. His overcoat, which he rarely takes off, fills one-quarter of the other one-third. If he was a woman he would always get dower rights, and you can bet money on it. His overcoat is usually wet with rain or covered with snow.

On this account you like to have him sit down beside you. Do not speak to him. If you do, he will turn around to look at you. And when he turns around, he gouges two or three inches more room. No man has any right to be so big. And if he is so large as that, he has no right to travel. Or if he does travel, he should either buy two tickets and occupy a whole seat, or he should stand up, or else come down on a flat car. —*Robt. J. Burdette.*

A PLEA FOR CARE.

Now, my friends, let us pause for a moment, for it is a matter of solemn consideration. Whenever you indite a paragraph, may I ask you, in all humility, in all kindness—for at this hour I can have none but thoughts of kindness and appreciation—may I ask you as a friend and patriot to think a moment how that paragraph will read twenty, thirty, fifty or 100 years hence, and then indite it as you would like to have it read at that day. The philosopher sits in his study, the student reviews his works, the sage ponder's over what he has written, but what you do has to be written on the instant. The demand of the morning publication requires the instant production of the thought, and any map of right sensibilities will understand that no man can speak wisely at all hours. And so, my friends, I have made every excuse, and but little is needed. It has been the custom to say that the American press is reckless and inconsiderate, as compared with the press of other countries. But, untrammelled and free as it is, with no censor at its elbow, it compares favorably with the press of other lands. Restriction of the press means only restriction according to the censor. What he doesn't like he restricts. Everything else is free. With restriction the press is simply emasculated. In this country there is entire freedom of the press. And that freedom, that clash of thought, that rubbing of mind against mind, is on the whole for the benefit of the people. Let me give you as a sentiment, "The press, the watch-tower of liberty, the palladium of our principles, and the instructor of the people." —*Gen. Butler, at the Boston Press Banquet.*

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Mr. Kelley said the committee expected this Congress to revise the revenue system, and to reduce the excessive surplus income. The House had adopted the Internal Revenue bill until near the close of the session, and had forced down its proportions, were now being asked in connection with the passing of the tariff bill to pass the Tariff bill. It must have power to escape from the distinguished leadership of the other side—no legitimate leadership, but a leadership of the House.

Mr. Morrison said the paramount duty of Congress was to revise the tariff, and so to prevent the long delay of the bill. The House had adopted the Tariff bill, and it was this proposed to forestall any revision of the tariff by the House, and once passed it would be claimed by the gentleman from Pennsylvania (Mr. Kelley) and his friends that it was a revision of the tariff. The House must escape from that leadership and bring the bill under the control of its own members.

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THE AVALANCHE.

O. PALMER, Editor and Proprietor

Entered at the Post Office at Grayling, Mich., as second-class matter.

THURSDAY, February 15, 1883.

LOCAL ITEMS.

1776 at B. & E.'s.

School books at the P. O.

Coffee, fresh ground, at Silsbee's.

Mr. A. C. Wilcox has another team.

Monday and Tuesday were beautiful days.

Cheapest dry goods at B. & E.'s.

A mirth-provoking show at the hall this evening.

Thanks to Dr. N. H. Traver for an assortment of fine candles.

Choice apple jelly at B. & E.'s.

Two hundred books at the P. O.

Mr. Hubbard Head, of South Branch was in the city Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. R. P. Forbes returned last week from a two-weeks' trip to Flint and other points.

The best flour at B. & E.'s.

We are requested to state that some people do not like minks' tails in sou-kroust.

Rev. and Mrs. S. Edgecombe went to Roscommon Monday, returning yesterday.

Best water-white oil at B. & E.'s.

Fine note paper only 10c per quire at the P. O.

Mr. J. Maurice Finn, who has been on a trip to Oakland county, returned the fore part of the week.

Dr. O. Palmer passed last week at his home in this city, returning to Lansing Monday afternoon.

Henry Snyder, Ludington, Mich., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters has cured my case of continued headache."

Crackers, cookies, ginger-snaps, fruit cakes, etc., at J. C. Silsbee's.

Mr. Sydney Cleggett, clerk for merchant Finn, has been considerably indisposed of late, but is on his feet again.

If you see anything in the AVALANCHE this week, "too utterly utter," charge it up to the "devil and the mules."

Ladies' collars and cuffs at B. & E.'s.

Messrs. Bliven & Edgecombe have erected a neat sign. The lettering was done by H. Brown, and reflects to his credit.

Gent's white and colored shirts at Bliven & Edgecombe's.

"Mr. and Mrs. H. Brown, of Grayling, furnished excellent music for the party Friday night at Abbott's hall, Ogemaw County Herald."

You can find the boss tea at J. C. Silsbee's.

County-surveyor Britt set the stakes for the new school house on Monday, and Bro. Brink and the mules are putting the timber on the ground.

A large company were happily entertained at the social gathering of the M. E. church society at the residence of Mrs. Mickelson last Friday afternoon and evening.

Rice and sago for soups at J. C. Silsbee's.

Mr. Harris, of Bay City, one of the contractors for the building of the new school house, arrived in the city Tuesday.

A large and varied assortment of valentines at the P. O.

Good butter at J. C. Silsbee's at 30 cents per pound.

After singing at divine services it is proper to resume your seat. To sit on the floor is apt to create a laugh, and we trust Mr. E. will not do so again.

One of the large panes of glass in Mr. Finn's store door was broken into fragments the other day. Cause, door closing most too softly.

See the new goods just received at the P. O.

If you want nice canned chicken or turkey go to Silsbee's.

In the assault and battery case of Buck vs. Coventry, tried by jury before Justice Kilborn yesterday afternoon, a verdict of "no cause for action" was rendered.

Mr. Chas. A. Ingersoll, of Grove, has returned from his trip to the Grand Traverse region, and he now draws reins over a span of pretty ponies.

Save a cent a pound by buying your sugars at B. & E.'s.

Mr. O. H. Riedorff, of Hillsdale, is in the city, with a view of permanent location. He is negotiating for the purchase of the planing mill. As that has been his business for the past eighteen years, and there is plenty of work to be done, he cannot well fall in the venture.

The American Dictionary for One Dollar at the P. O.

Southern at 8 cents per quart, and onions at \$1 per bushel, at Silsbee's.

Mr. J. J. Higgins, of Fredericville, takes a novel way of advertising his business in the AVALANCHE. We give it place, allowing our readers to draw their own conclusions.

A nice line of birthday cards at the P. O.

Onondago salt in 10 lb. sacks for 20 cents at J. C. Silsbee's.

"Tobacco-bater" gives it to "wink" right square from the shoulder in this issue. Read it, gentlemen, and then immediately swear off—delays are dangerous.

Messrs. J. H. & A. Rohrbacher, Lansingburg, Mich., say: "We sell Brown's Iron Bitters and it gives satisfaction."

Get your clothes made to order at B. & E.'s, where you are sure of getting "suited."

Yesterday was St. Valentine's day. We observed the little ones generally looked glad, while the older ones generally looked mad, while still others looked very sad, which we think was really too bad.

The concert at the opera house Saturday evening was well attended and the music rendered very fine. In fact most too fine for a majority of our people, who do not affect the operatic style. Mr. Boos is perfection on the cornet, and one of his solos was worth the admission price. The absence of Miss Murray and Mrs. Boos was greatly to be regretted.

Salmon, sardines, mackerel, oysters, and in fact almost everything that is canned, at J. C. Silsbee's.

We always supposed the "devil" to be neither afraid of God nor man, and such being the case most assuredly not of "long-eared" animals. But we are at fault. Our "devil" was very frightened one day last week by a span of mules which were standing in the road without a driver that she dared not pass them, and consequently she mounted on top a lumber-pile near by and waited in the wind and cold nearly twenty minutes before the driver made his appearance. We have got the laugh on our "devil" for once in our life. Ha, ha, ha!

We were in hopes of laying before our readers this week a full report of the lecture last evening by our fellow townsman, Mr. Harwood, but owing to going to press rather early are unable to do so. A large audience was in attendance, the band furnished lively music at different intervals of the speech, much uproarious applause was indulged in, and all unite in saying they had more than a dollar's worth of fun.

"The Herald found no reason to complain of Mr. Palmer's printer although we were absent when he called at our office, he did not claim to be a Mr. Palmer. The Times showed its smallness in relation to him."—Ogemaw County Herald.

Quite right, Bro. Herald. Neither did our printer claim to be Mr. Palmer at any place or to any person while at West Branch. When Weeks of the Times claim to the contrary he is only following his natural bent to lie and backbite. No one who is acquainted with our foreman will take any stock in slyster Weeks' assertions. A "barking dog" will do him no harm.

A very pleasant social surprise party occurred at the residence of Dr. O. Palmer, south side, on Monday evening last, the occasion being the birthday of Mrs. Palmer. The "surprises" congregated at the post office at 7 o'clock and at about 7 1/2 o'clock Mr. Brink and his beautiful little "pet rabbits" made their appearance, when the "assembled multitude" proceeded to promiscuously "board the bobs." Mr. B. accepting the situation with good grace grasped the lines with a firm hand and shouted "ladap," and in the twinkling of an eye they "got that." Mr. Brink is entitled to much credit for his skillful manipulation of the reins, as there are but few drivers but who would have been so unfortunate as to have "dumped" the jolly angels ten or twelve dozen times in some of the many huge snow-drifts which lined the route. After about two hours pleasantly passed in social intercourse, music, singing, eating apples, peanuts and candy, Mrs. Wm. A. Masters, in a few neat and well-chosen words, presented Mrs. Palmer, in behalf of those present, with an exceedingly beautiful birthday card, which Mrs. P. accepted with thanks. At the conclusion of this part of the programme, "ye localizer" having a present to present, proceeded to deliver himself of a grand masterly effort (an effort which he had been about two weeks in preparing and had sit many nights till past midnight burning many gallons of oil in order to be able to say something real smart) when up rushes his "better half" with the emphatic exclamation, "Oh! don't make a fool of yourself any longer." Were we crestfallen and dumbfounded? Yes, we were completely paralyzed! We could not mutter another uttering. Just as we had anticipated that we had reached the topmost round of the ladder of brilliant oratory, seven or eight little softly-spoken words knocked the round from under our feet and we took a "tumble," nevermore to rise. Alas! alas! At this juncture it was thought best to bring the "rabbits" into requisition again, and with kind wishes and pleasant good nights the company took their departure, feeling they had passed a pleasant and agreeable evening.

Ladies, do you wish for nice gold or silver-edged calling cards? If so, call at the AVALANCHE office for them. We have some "real notions."

Mr. M. Conway, who has been near death's door for some time, is, we are pleased to announce, convalescing; but "troubles never cease;" his little daughter is now very sick with fever.

One of the coal stoves in the round house exploded with considerable force Tuesday night. Mr. O. J. Smith, who was near by, had his right hand burned to a blister.

Evidently one of Bro. Edgecombe's listeners last Sunday evening was not for some reason very forcibly impressed with his excellent discourse, as a succession of snores indicated he was in the "land of nod."

The Ogemaw County Times of last week accuses us of taking an item verbatim from their columns and crediting it to the Herald. Such may have been the case, but if so it was purely unintentional, as we strive to give credit where it belongs.

A case of overcoat-stealing occurred in the city a few days ago. We have not been able to learn the name of the parties involved, but understand everything has been satisfactorily settled.

A large force of men were engaged on Sunday last cleaning snow from off the railroad track and loading it onto flat cars, and then it was hauled to the river and dumped. Another gang were busily engaged at filling the ice-house with ice.

The new residence being erected by H. J. Kilborn, Esq., is fast assuming shape, and he expects to have it complete and moved therein in two or three weeks if the present fine weather continues.

Resolved, "That women should have the right of suffrage." Go to the hall to-morrow evening and hear Rev. S. Edgecombe and Messrs. Woodworth and Britt say "most certainly," and Rev. Wm. Putnam and Messrs. Rose and Bates say "certainly not."

If you should at any time happen to observe an extraordinary large supply of ginger-snaps in Salling, Hanson & Co.'s store, credit will be due Mr. J. M. Jones. We noticed him the other day luging home a large box labelled "ginger snaps," and upon inquiry he informed us he was going to build nests in it and see if his hens would lay "snaps," as they were not worth a cent to lay eggs.

Messrs. Brown and Hopple each lost a valuable dog last week Saturday by being run over by the south-bound passenger train. The dogs were playing on the track, and the snow-banks being very high on either side, they had no way of escaping.

We noticed E. L. D. buying candy by the "whole pie" a short time ago. Wonder what he did with it? We'll wager our "bottom cent" that some body is "sweet"—and that we can name the one, but we shant; no-sir-ee.

There will be a special meeting of the Ladies Aid Society at the residence of Mrs. F. D. Robinson on Saturday evening, Feb. 17, for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing six months, and such other business as may come before the society. All members expected to be present.

Posters are to be seen about the city reading as follows: "Grand Masonic Ball. At the Grayling Opera House, Feb. 22, 1883. Supper at the Grayling House. All are cordially invited to attend. Good music in attendance. Committee of Arrangements—J. O. Hadley, J. M. Jones, R. Hanson, Floor Managers—W. R. Stecker, J. London. Reception Committee at Hall—Geo. Houtar, Geo. Forbes. Reception Committee at Hotel—Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Hartwick. By order of Com." A large crowd and a pleasant time is sure.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Grove, Feb. 12, 1883.

EDITOR AVALANCHE:—I would like small space in the columns of your paper to ask, What are we wives and mothers to do in order to abolish that most obnoxious nuisance, tobacco? A lady cannot walk the streets, or even enter a store, without coming in contact with the filthy, poisonous odor of some tobacco toper's pipe or cigar; and still worse, with the man's breath if we get within ten feet of him. This not being bad enough, we must needs be compelled to inhale the poison in our own homes by those who should protect us from such insolence. There are husbands who abstain from the foul weed (God bless them), but even then we are not secure from it, for there are men (I do not call them gentlemen) who enter our homes, get treated like gentlemen, when, lo! the reward—before leaving they will invite them to take a smoke; then they deliberately light their pipe and settle down for a "good old smoke," as they term it, and they take that kind of a smoke long enough to perfume the whole house to such an extent that it requires a dozen "musk-rats" to purify the air again. I claim we women are, in a measure, to blame, for if we would all ignore the tobacco consumer as we do his twin-brother, alcohol, there would soon be a dropping off in the demand for tobacco. And again, Mr. Editor, there are the officers and the once-seekers, strutting around with their mouths stuffed with the poisonous filth, a box of cigars under one arm and a bundle of tickets under the other, in order to treat the man who will vote for them. Fit subjects, I think, to hold our most important offices. If such officers could

be done away with, we have none but those with clear brains, unclouded by poison, we would soon realize a different sort of civilized laws, and I do think no gentleman would want his name classed alongside of 5-centers or even 10-centers.

I would like to hear from some of the ladies on this subject.

TOBACCO-HATER.

FREDERICVILLE, Feb. 13, 1883.

EDITOR AVALANCHE:

At last the glorious sun has burst through the snowy barrier of clouds that has so long obscured his radiant face, and we try "beautiful" as we look out upon a clear sky. The rays of the sun no longer fall obliquely cold upon us, and we are forcibly reminded by the softening of the snow that these are but harbingers of many sunny days to come, when winter's icy fetters shall be unloosed by the welcome spring. We are all weary of cold, snowy weather. The lumbermen say it has been a hard winter on horseflesh. It has been so cold that the sleighs would not slip freely; with an occasional thaw the work done by the teams would have been done at least one-third easier.

Messrs. Wentworth have a camp within three miles of our station, and they are hauling and banking logs on the R. R. at our village. Mr. Blackmore is also cutting some in this vicinity, and our townsman, L. W. Wright, is banking some and hauling to his shingle mill.

J. Jensen, of Grayling, looked in at us today.

L. W. Wright is in Bay City negotiating for the purchase of some horses for his use in the woods.

Our school will close the present term in about three weeks. Miss Ada Adair, the teacher, has given very good satisfaction.

S. C. RIBE.

TO THE LADIES OF FREDERICVILLE.

The undersigned offers a good chance for your husband's names to appear in print. If you wish to break your husbands of drinking, don't meet and threaten to put the liquor-dealer under arrest. He pays a license for the privilege of selling intoxicating drinks and he is thankful for the patronage of your husbands. Why, ladies, if I should refuse every man a glass of liquor who is accustomed to getting too much under the influence of "tangle-foot" to maintain his equilibrium, I could not afford to pay any license unless I should be my own customer, and that I fear would not be very profitable. You have no idea how I wait and watch for your better halves from half-past 4 o'clock in the morning until half-past 9 at night. The course I would advise you to take would be this: If your husbands are drunkards, or are in danger of becoming so, and you desire me to refuse them drink, send in their names to the AVALANCHE office and I will see that their names are published at no expense to you, and that at once. I will endeavor to keep up the respectability of my hotel and keep up a full stock of choice wines, liquors, and cigars in great variety, and two more barrels of "headache" now on the road.

JOHN J. HIGGINS.

FREDERICVILLE, Feb. 12, 1883.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at Reed City, Mich., January 25, 1883.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof, in support of his claim, and final entry thereof, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of the circuit court of Crawford county, Michigan, at the county seat on Monday the 19th day of February, 1883, viz: Benjamin C. Baker, Homestead Entry No. 828, for the n. e. section 15, town 36 n., range 4 w., and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said tract, viz: Melvin Hegerman of Wellington p. o., Eli Deek of Wellington p. o., Frank Crook of Wellington p. o., and Wellington Patterson of Wellington p. o. EDWARD STEVENSON, Register.

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